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The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19, OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
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"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER"

The Asheville Citizen

gets the news of the universe thru Associated Press Service, and maintains a Washington Correspondent who wires all important Congressional bills and War Department measures that affect YOU as a soldier and later as a civilian.

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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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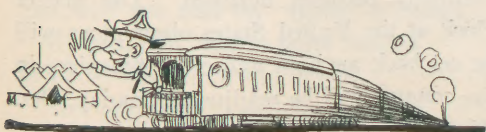
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
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teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Now and then a nurse will sigh and shake her head in hopeless despair after working with a certain patient. When asked "What's wrong?" she is apt to reply, "Nothing in particular; he's just plain irritable and blue."

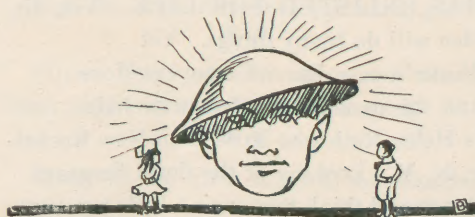
How many, many tubercular patients does this apply to! The most deplorable thing about it is the fact that the patients are ignorantly irritable and blue. They do not know, or do not take time to know, why they have this depressing inclination.

The reason, in nine cases out of ten, for the above tendency is due to the fact that the disease and the symptoms chase each other around in a circle. A man has the disease, by impairing digestion, causes more depression; the depression, if permitted to go on uncontrolled, causes more T. B.; and there you are. The symptoms and the disease itself form a seemingly endless chain—germs, gloom, more germs.

The germs, we must admit, are hard to fight but fighting them and winning out in the fight is altogether possible. The 'little blue devils,' however, are much easier to combat because any fellow can laugh or smile or whistle. When you feel a grouch coming on, just whistle, or sing the jolliest tune you know, then tell your buddy your favorite funny story and laugh your head off at your own joke, even if it be an old one.



We take our hats off to Dr. Minor. He delivered one of the best balanced discourses to the patients we've heard. To prove his versatility he called on one of his officer patient friends, discovered him overworking the Lady Nicotine, and gave him one of the soundest lectures on the ill effects of tobacco in chasing the cure we've heard. We knew light indulgence affected our cases slightly, but we ne'er had the idea its over-use was so all powerful bad.



"Howju like to be rockin' the boat in the old creek, not carin' whether it upset or not!"

One soldier flicked a cigarette but into the ash can and reached for another potato to peel.

"With nuthin' but a pair of old overalls and a happy smile, and a can of worms and a fishin' pole!"

His buddy on K. P. finished the picture and sighed.

"An' nobody home but Ma, and her bakin' green apple pies!" ejaculated Buck No. 1, attacking the second potato.

"An' Pa out in the hill garden a-picken' rasberries for supper!" returned Buck No. 2.

"An' Sis, her out in the barn cellar a-gettin' cream cheese and milk."

"An' the folks on the next farm, they a-comin' over to help eat the fish we are goin' to catch and the rasberries Pa's pickin', and the cream cheese and milk Sis gettin', and the pies Ma's bakin'."

"An' nothin' to do tomorrow but sleep 'till you want to get up!"

"An' nuthin to do when you get up but go fishin' and come home and eat!"

"An' nuthin to do when you've eat but roll your own, and sit an' smoke and gas and listen to the girls sing, and join in a little—and nuthin to do—"

"KITCHEN PO-O-LEECE!"

"Shucks!" said the Bucks, "There ain't no such place!"

In strict economic analysis money is one of the very few things in the world of no intrinsic value. You can't eat it, and you can't wear it. However, with enough of it, you can obtain things to wear and things to eat, and, on the whole, with all our tribulations, we are much better off than our monetary system and therefore had to do a lot trading around and bating to supply their wants.

The system of purchasing a new evening tunic with two cows and a kilo of corn probably worked with a fear degree of satisfaction a few thousand years ago, but the young man of today would experience difficulty and emarrassment in trying to negotiate a set of civvies with four goats or buy an ice cream soda for his best girl with a peck of potatoes and a head of lettuce.

The great difficulty is the uncertainty about what our money is worth. A few years ago a dollar was selling for eighteen or twenty pounds of sugar; today it is bringing only about ten or twelve. And in the best rib steak and ham and egg circles it has depreciated distressingly.

If the bright minds of this generation could figure out some method to keep the dollar from fluctuating we should be entitled to as much credit as the Greeks got for inventing money—and there would be a whole lot less misunderstanding and grief in the United States of America.



DR. CHARLES MINOR LECTURES AT OTEEN

On last Friday night Dr. Charles Minor of Asheville came to Oteen and delivered a lecture on tuberculosis at the Red Cross Building. His subject was, "The After Care of the Apparently Cured." A large audience greeted him and listened with close attention to all that he said. During the thirty minutes that he spoke Dr. Minor gave as much sound and practical advice coupled with words of hope and good cheer as could well be packed into one short talk.

He emphasized the importance of the patient knowing how to take care of himself, saying that he would rather a patient would leave him with little improvement and well instructed than to leave him much improved and not instructed about his disease. He then told just what the apparently cured should do and what they should not do. He spoke of the various temptations that would beset a man after leaving the hospital and of the necessity for the moral stamina to say no. He also spoke of the advantages that often come to a man in after life as the result of this training in self control. We thank you Dr. Minor and hope you will come again.

SOUTHERN TUBERCULOSIS CONFERENCE TO MEET AT OTEEN

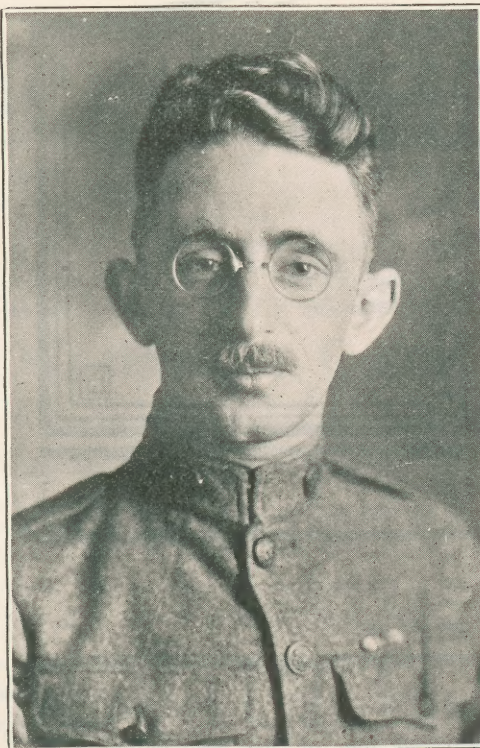
On Saturday afternoon of this week the Southern Tuberculosis Conference, now in session at Asheville, will hold its meeting at the Red Cross Building at Oteen.

The conference will meet at 2:30 and remain in session until 4:30, when it will adjourn to inspect the Hospital. At 5:30 the members will again assemble at the Red Cross where refreshments will be served.

The conference is made up largely of men and women who have made tuberculosis their life study. A number of the visitors are of nation wide reputation. The personnel of the Post is invited to be present to hear the papers and discussions.

JOE DOWNIE ON PATIENT STATUS

Joe Downie was admitted to I-5 last Tuesday and will be there a few weeks, recovering from a slight injury caused by lifting a pool table in the Hut. At least he says it was lifting the table that caused it but we thing it was too close application to work on "the farm."



This is Sgt. 1st cl. Irving Winter, M. D. Who is the most adventuresome "bird" To our knowing. He has been a Good soldier in Uncle Sammy's Reserve army—and this late day Knows him as the genial Detachment Supply Sergeant. Would you believe it—this Colleague of ours HAS ENLISTED FOR LIFE. Yes, sir, Men will do funny things. Yet Winter's case has its compensations. And the name of the fortunate lady Is Helen Roth who hails from New Rochelle, N. Y. Looking at the florid Sergeant One would think there was a little romance to his makeup. But there is. It goes way Back to the day of his enlistment at Fort Slocum, New York Harbor. He'd been a "Rook" of but a few hours when along came This bit of femininity—and fell for our gay Lathario. Well, here they are—after two Years of army courtship (daily letter Writing on "Y" paper) happily hooked, And trying to subsist on smiles, army Allowances, and youthful enthusiasm. We're for them, cause she's a sweet Personality, and he's a good old skate.

A soldier was crossing the Atlantic when he suddenly felt his head swimming and his stomach "turn turtle." He rushed for the side of the boat. There on the railing he was confronted with the sign: "Food Will Win the War; Don't Waste It."

ARMY TO TAKE OVER WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS

The Secretary of War has informed the seven affiliated welfare association which co-operated with the department during the war, namely, the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., National Catholic War Council (K. of C.), Jewish Welfare Board, American Library Association, War Camp Community Service, and Salvation Army of his appreciation of the valuable work they rendered the country during the past emergency.

In order that the example set by various civilian agencies during the emergency may not be lost to the Regular Army the Secretary of War has instructed his military associates to establish an organization within the General Staff to be charged with development and supervision of matter pertaining to education, recreation and moral training of officers and men of the service. This organization will undertake the functions of the seven affiliated welfare societies, beginning November 1, as far as they relate to military establishments within continental limits of the United States.

The organizations are requested to continue their work with troops in France, Germany, Siberia, the Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii, Philippine Islands, and Alaska for a further period of three or four months, or until such time as the Army is in a position to undertake this responsibility. The War Department, in the future, as it has in the past, will feel free to call upon them for advice, counsel, and active assistance whenever the need develops.

Nothing of an official nature has come to the Command at Oteen, or the Welfare organizations themselves, in regard to the closing on November 1st. It is a very natural hope they will be allowed to carry on their work, with the identical personnel now active, for an extended period.

TIME CHANGE STILL AHEAD

Your theater parties will be at the same hour, and chow call will sound at high noon for a day or two yet.

For the benefit of the men who have supposed that clocks were to be turned back an hour last week, we set out that daylight is to be saved until Oct. 26.

On that day the daylight saving law automatically becomes nullified. The master clock at the United States observatory will be set back an hour and every timepiece in the country will be readjusted Sunday, Oct. 26.

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

LET'S WRITE A POME

And they says to me says they,
 "Just you write a rhyme today."
 And I says to them says I
 "Oh, well, I guess I'll try."

Of subjects there were far too many.
 Say Minnie, or Quinnie and Schimmie.
 Or Pye trying to coax the guard
 To let in her civies. 'Twas hard!

You wonder what the sweet girls do
 When at the dances partners are few?
 They just invite civilian men.
 (That's why this verse flowed from my pen).

I might write of Mikes' love of a unrse,
 Which surely makes her feel worse and
 worse.
 Or of certain ladies who went for a ride
 But now declare they will ne'er go again
 —astride.

I could tell of many women here
 Who do not think two dollars is dear
 To give to any Asheville fortune teller,
 "If they will only tell about my feller!"

Now I know just what to you I will say;
 Any of you come at night or all day
 And the piano or victor play. Dance,
 Or cook, or sew or—well just take a
 chance

On enjoying yourself at the Red Cross
 With the big blazing logs to chase Jack
 Frost.

Just lots of kinds of fun!
 Something for every one.

And now you find my "pome" is ended.
 My pen, like man, is quite bended
 So many subjects it did persue.
 Now next week it will be up to you.

Oh, Denton, does he marcelle his hair or
 put sugar on it?

We are very glad to see Miss Bennett re-
 turned from leave.

Have you noticed how the "Moon" comes
 over the "Brownfield" in the Red Cross every
 night?

Delilah Sparks is back from furlough
 looking more than ever like a "Kentucky
 belle."

Miss Randall indulged in the popular in-
 door sport known as, "Having Out My Ton-
 sils," last week.

We all hope Miss Sheehan will enjoy her
 trip to Mt. Pisgah.

Note the improvement in our mess, girls?

Misses Guy and Flewelling will return
 from their trip to the coast this week.

Many of the girls enjoyed the Monday
 night dance at the Langren Roof; didn't
 they Dick?

A LITTLE LOVE

I love his annoyance when the servants
 turn on the lights in the dim room, where
 we have been sitting, silently, watching the
 hot sun dart over the purple hills.

I love the devoted way his eyes follow me
 as I move across the polished floors.

I love the way he touches my slim body
 tenderly, covertly.

I love the deep hatred he bears my hus-
 band.

I love the silly way he wags his shaggy
 tail when my maid bathes him.

DUNHAM-GRIFFIN

Mr. Bert Dunham and Miss Beatrice
 Marguerite Griffin were married Oct. 21st,
 1919 in Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Dunham
 received her discharge from the army while
 at U. S. General Hospital No. 19 last Au-
 gust, being on duty on Ward I-4 most of
 the time while here. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham
 will live in Jacksonville.

Q. What is the object of building sun
 parlors to the ward?

A. So that patients up and about may
 enjoy the luxury of
 a heated room. Not
 so are No. 1.

It makes all the
 difference, in the
 world whether it is
 your Commanding
 Officer or your civil-
 ian boss who says,
 "You're discharg-
 ed."

A hundred years
 from now the fact
 that your discharge
 papers were delay-
 ed will mean noth-
 ing in you life.



A NEIGHBORING GROUP TO OTEEN

A Greeting to Oteen

(By DeWolf Hopper, the noted comedian)

(Now starring in "The Better 'Ole")

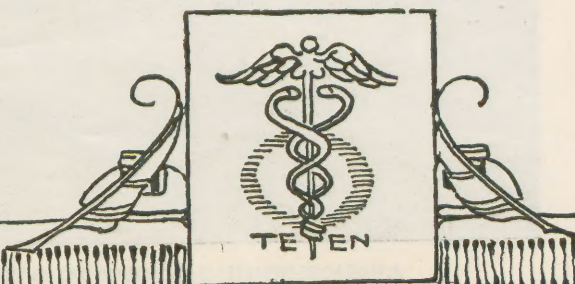
I AM deeply interested in this splendid hospital of yours, and my one regret is that I am unable to greet you all personally, but this word through the Oteen must suffice until my company wends its way back. Perhaps then we can come en-masse and give the best parts of "The Better Ole" to you. It is a tale of very human humanity under the stress of war, picturing the line soldier, the corporals and sergeants and the generals, the courageous girl workers and all. But there I'm proving my own press agent.

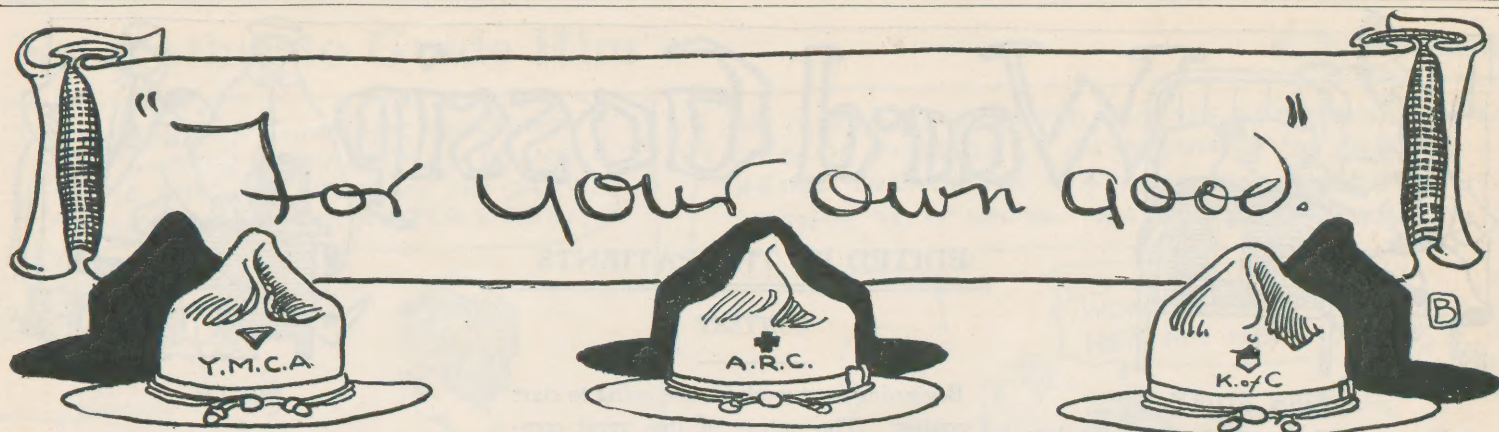
I want to talk to you—because you are the very boys who sacrificed everything—for an ideal. What a lesson it has taught many of us who have been in the off-side—looking on. Never was this more marked than in the heterogeneous mass of boys we fed and entertained at the Lamb's Club in New York. From 50 to 250 boys assembled there twice a week, every man with some disability, coming in from camp or cantonment for an evening's recreation. Will you believe me when I say that the atmosphere created by those boys who did their duty, and sacrificed, had its natural sequence? The greater percentage of the actor population of the Lambs got into the real scrimmage. All but poor me. I was found upon examination and questioning—to be a day over the draft age.

I had a very forceful experience a few weeks ago at Denver, your general Hospital No. 21, when Col. Cook (whom the boys affectionately termed Chief Cook and Bottle Washer) asked if we'd repeat some of the entertainment to a group of the overseas nurses—who had been quite badly gassed—and were on the slow mend. Personally I rejoiced that night in being able to lift those splendid women out of their vale even for that short time. To my mind everyone of those courageous women, and to the last man of you, who have received a physical hurt, or an injured lung, should get the highest award our government might give—because to you the victory belongs.

There, I know talk is cheap, and I wish it lay in my power to prove that hope, courage and ambition are mightier than doubt and fear and will always compel success and happiness. Our best men are those who have had to fight adversity and overcome seeming defeat at times. Theodore Roosevelt went West a subject for consumption. By constant and unremitting care we all know he made himself the foremost man of his time. And so it goes.

"Luck t' ye en yourn"—as Bill would say.





Private (Sgt.) Pryer who assisted in the program Tuesday night showed great form. His readings were strickly classical. He plans, 'tis said, to be ready for next Tuesday's program with bells on. (No reserved seats.)

▽ ▽

Sgt. Tubbs and Corporal Dooley had a game of pool planned for last Saturday night at the Red Circle Club. Dooley was there. Tubbs was there. A young lady appeared. Dooley lost his sight.

▽ ▽

Wonder how Red Lawrence likes his new job?

▽ ▽

Private John L. Davis was almost the whole show Tuesday night. His movements were of the Charley Chaplain order. After much pleading and some banjo playing he limbered up a wee bit. He is being groomed for a big stunt within a week or two.

▽ ▽

Big Mack McIntosh, traffic Cop at the corner of Broadway and Patton, holder of heavy weight medals for boxing with the A. E. F., has promised to give us a real boxing night at the Y soon.

▽ ▽

Chaplain J. G. Stewart received his discharge Tuesday and left immediately for South Pittsburg, Tenn., where he goes to take charge of a Cumberland Presbyterian church as pastor. Chaplain Stewart entered the service at Fayetteville, Tenn., in October 1918, and has served in camps Taylor, Sheridan and Oteen. His going is felt as a distinct loss. Summing it all up he was a real, all-round fellow and a good scout. Always genial and scattering sunshine, his presence was always sought and his going regretted. The church securing him is to be complimented.

MOTION PICTURE PROGRAM

Monday October 27, Narrow Trail, Wm. Hart; Tuesday October 28, Girl who Came Back, Ethel Clayton; Friday October 31, Down to Earth, Douglas Fairbanks; Saturday November 1, Border Wireless, Wm. Hart.

++

Wednesday evening proved that time has not diminished the popularity of the merry games planned by the Aides from the Reconstruction Department, for the boys entered into them with the same enthusiasm that marked their success ten months ago. The members of the Red Cross Staff are grateful to Mrs. Hartes who is Chmn. of the Committee in charge of our Wednesday evening entertainment and the young ladies who assist her, for the time and interest spent in planning amusements for our convalescent patients.

++

WHAT THE RED CROSS IS DOING IN THE WARDS

From September 18th delicacies prepared in the Red Cross Kitchen for patients officers and patients in the wards.

110 quarts of soup, 4,000 sandwiches, 3 chickens fried, 3 quarts creamed chicken, 40 biscuits, 2 dozen cakes, 3 quarts custard, 3 bushels of apples, 3 bushels of pears, 3 baskets of grapes, 5 dozen small cakes, 2 custard pies, distributed.

This does not include jellies, candy, fried chicken, biscuits, cakes and fruit sent to the Red Cross to be distributed to the patients.

++

Through Mrs. Rankin our delightful librarian, many new books have been secured for the A. L. A. Especially attractive and instructive is the set of twenty volumes "A History of European War" edited by the New York Times and is absolutely authentic. The volumes are profusely illustrated and contain an alphabetical and analytical index with maps and diagrams.

The Hallowe'en dande Tuesday night gives promise of being a most enjoyable affair. There will be cider and doughnuts 'n everything.

★ ★

Secretary Oscar Weiss has been transferred to Fort Oglethorpe, Tenn. "Slim" had been with us about seven weeks and he could have made it twenty times seven for all of us. He was "there" in any place you put him—in fact adaptability was his middle name. We liked him.

★ ★

The movie tomorrow night is Geo. Beban in, Jules of the Strong Heart. Thursday night's show is Wallace Reid in, Rimrock Jones, and a Mack Sennett comedy.

★ ★

We want to thank Miss Holleran of Nurses—2 for the fine basket she made for us last week. It is just the thing for carrying supplies to the wards.

★ ★

Jimmie has went. We had orders to ship him to Savannah and he has gone there to be the joy and despair of some other bunch of secretaries. Jimmie had a personality all his own—in fact we don't think there was another car on the post that was so uncertain, coy and hard to please as Jimmie. Life with Jimmie had very few dull moments—he either went like blazes or else he wouldn't go at all. He carried us by running waters and once when he suddenly leaned up against a telephone pole he made us lie down in pleasant pastures. Our parting was very affecting. Joe threw his arms around the radiator and wept several soul wracking weeps. Pete lost his dignity for a few minutes and laid his hand caressingly on the rear wheel. Mack and the Mrs. sent flowers. The flag up at the administration building was not at half mast, but it should have been as Jimmie put-putted down the road for the last time.



A FISH STORY

A Nurse in I-6 says that some day when she is free from *Payne* she will *Wade* into the *Swannanoa* and *Speer* a *Fish*, then take her *Hall* by the *Gill* and if her *Armstrong* enough and if she doesn't *Tripp*, she will *Row (to) land, An (s) back* to the ward.

★ ★

She will get the *Keys* of the cupboard where the *Campbell's* soup is kept, take some butter and *Cook* the *Fish*. Will *Cox* see it *Browing* in the pan *Enbe(r)g* for some? If he does we hope she won't be *Collison* refuse him. As it will taste better than the *Welch* rarebit that his wife makes. It will be a *T(r)eat* good enough for the table of (*J. P.*)*Morgan* or (*Lord*) *Hamilton* but Oh, *Shucks, Moloney* it *Jost* caunt be done.

★ ★

This fellow *Dempsey* is the greatest fighter who ever lived.

Softly, my friend, softly.

What's the matter?

You are being overheard by an 18-year-old boy who lost a leg in the *Argonne*.

★ ★

THERE WAS A REASON

Mrs. *Dix*—I was ashamed of you, *Ephraim*, to see you dust the chair you sat on at Mrs. *Henshaw's*. I saw her little boy watching you.

Dix—I saw him, too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin.

MOTHER GOOSE

A peanut, a cooky,
A seven-day rooky,
In clothes that sag at the knees.
In an O. D. shirt
That shows no dirt,
And coat-tail flung to the breeze.

He—This revolver is the best friend that I had. After my cartridges became exhausted I hit the Hun officer on the head with the butt.

She—Oh, how perfectly stunning.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

CONTEST

Beginning next week we are going to start a contest. The nature of this great competitive process is this: To the man, woman or child who sends in the best recipe for making an intoxicating beverage within the law a cash prize of \$5 will be awarded. Second prize will be awarded if the second-best recipe turns out good.

★ ★

"Chicken" *Pye*, the famous "White Stockings" of *Oteen*, took first prize in I-10's circus last week; while "Jackass" *Wood* drew the "booby" down.

★ ★

"Bawldy" *Reed* returned from his furlough looking fine and happy but it most spoiled his sweet disposition when he was told that he was no longer a Twenty Four Hour man and would have to hit the mess hall line.



YOUTH

Youth breaks a trail with impatient feet,

A trail that he thinks is new,
And lifts his face to a breeze as sweet
As the dreams that his fancies brew;
The breath of blossoms it brings to him
Which sways on an unknown slope,
And it carries the strains of an anthem dim
From the heights of the hills of hope.

Age pauses out by the worn trail's end

And, with eyes that are deep as truth,
Looks back for a bit as he turns to send
A whimsical smile to Youth.
He smiles and it seems to him once again,
For a fraction of time, he hears
The haunting lilt of an old refrain
That is lost in the vanished years.

Walter Trumbull.



DE LURY -

"Sam, did you see many dead men while you were in France?"

"Yes, ma'am, we even slept wid 'em."

"Well, Sam, weren't you scared?"

"No, ma'am. I used to bum around wid 'em before I went to war."

"How's that?"

"I was a hearse driver, ma'am."

No Mother to Guide Him

K. P. McGinnis



AIN'T THAT TOUGH?

The Secretary of War has issued an order to the effect that service rendered in the Army after October 4, 1919, will not be counted toward the acquirement of service chevrons, gold, silver, or blue, except that rendered in the A. E. F. in Siberia and with American troops in occupation of hostile territories.

The army held a sale of army blankets in Asheville. Every body had to line up. Did anyone ever get anything from the army without having to stand in line for it?

HOUSING THE MEDICS

The Secretary of War has approved a recommendation of the Surgeon General that commanding officers of army general hospitals be authorized to arrange for the accommodation of medical officers and their families in unsold portions of the hospital whenever in their judgement such arrangement would be in the interest of the service.

The many friends of Lieut. Shaw are glad to know that he has recovered from his recent indisposition. We have missed his genial smile and merry laugh.

ARMY DAM FOR WILSON

The Army has named a dam for President Wilson. It is being built by the engineering department in the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals, Ala. Announcement was made during the week that the Secretary of War, has officially named it "Wilson Dam."

BUT NOT IN CUPS

"I suppose you never saw coffee like that before," boasted the boarding house lady proudly.

"Oh, gosh!" ejaculated the war-hardened star boarder. "The Argonne was full of it."



The power of suggestion is a mighty force and one not to be trifled with by the amateur. As for instance the experience of Lieut. "Speed Owl" Vincent. Recently, one of the officers approached the unsuspecting Lieut. and requested him to sign a paper. Said paper contained the information that Lieut. Vincent, along with some others, was classed as a bed patient—very sick—and would immediately go to bed and remain there until given permission to arise. The Lieut. duly signed the paper and immediately donned his pajamas and hied away to his little cot. In a short time, his pulse was registering over the hundred mark and his otherwise normal temperature was batting well over the 99 mark. When the joke was explained to him, his pulse and Temperature again descended to the realm of the normal. Nope, the power of suggestion is not to be trifled with.

★ ★

Alvin York had better look to his laurels. The Western Produce Co. deliberately advertise the fact that they supply most of the eggs used by U. S. A. General Hospital No. 19.

We believe that a vote taken at Oteen would show that this is considered the greatest individual display of genuine nerve shown in the entire war.

★ ★

Capt. Humphrey is feeling awfully apologetic and humble since his horrible faux pas the other morning. It seems that the captain, after waiting vainly for half an hour for an order of toast, took it upon himself to enter the kitchen and interrupt the tete-a-tete breakfast of the hired help, and the Commanding Orderly. He has promised not to let this occur again, but will content himself with staying with the common herd in the Mess room.

★ ★

Quite a bit of excitement was reported from the Old Soldiers' Home over in the woods. It seems that some one bought a

new record for the funnygraft and when the new record was played within the hearing of Lieut. Moon, the said Lieut. promptly rose on all fours and let out a howl offering to devastate, rend from limb, make into hash, and otherwise destroy the *!#!.*.* man who was responsible. The record was "Marching Thru Georgia."

★ ★

CAN A NURSE HYPNOTIZE?

The editor of the Oteen is in receipt of a letter from Officers Ward No. 2 and signed "D" wanting to know if an "Army Nurse can Hypnotize."

The affirmative scoops the stakes and wins dead easy, and the negative either never saw a nurse until after she was dead or didn't know what ailed him when under her hypnotic influence.

Perhaps he had a chronic case of yellow jaundice or was threatened with paresis or had been inadvertently struck by lightning. Can an Army nurse hypnotize a man? Well I should snigger, she can hypnotize anything that wears pants, from a second class private to the General Commanding—I am not sure but the clothing store dummies and their brother dudes are simply the physical wrecks and (mental ruins of her hypnotic medicine) she's built that way. An Army nurse does not "Operate" as do the professional hypnotists, instead of giving you a bright button or a brand new dime to look at, she puts her dimples in evidence, she dazzles you for a moment with her dreamy splendor of her eyes, then studies the toe of her field shoes that would raise a Kansas Corn-crop for Trilby or supply Cinderella with bunions. She looks down to blush and looks up to sigh—Catches you "agoing an a coming" and you are gone. You realize that the linch pin is slipping out of your logic, but you let

her slip — you simply bid farewell to fear and give the "operator" you undivided attention. She permits you quite accidentally of course, to catch a glimpse of an ankle turned for an Angel, and you are now far advanced in the hypnotic trance and very fond of it as far as you've got—you drift nearer, and ever nearer, like a moth revolving in narrowing circles around an incandescent lamp, until you find yourself alone with her in some cozy nook, the world forgetting if not by your creditors forgot. Being industrious you seek employment, she gives you her hand to hold. Of course she could hold it herself, but the occupation pleases you, and she doesn't mind. Besides you make more rapid progress into the realm of irresponsibility by taking care of it for her occasionally. You conceive that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well and freeze to that little fragment of pulsing show like a farmer to his Ingersoll watch in a camp meeting crowd. She rewards your devotion to duty by a gentle pressure, and a magnetic thrill starts at your finger tips and goes through you system like a drink of Asheville corn-juice until it makes your toes tingle, then starts on its return trip, gathering volume as it travels, until it becomes a tidal-wave that envelops all your world. You are now uncertain whether you have hit the lottery for the capitol prize or been detailed for kitchen police. You have lost your identity and should you meet yourself in the middle of the road you would need an introduction. You begin to talk incoherently and lay the bed plates for a breach of promise suit—You sip the hand made nectar from the rosy slot in her face, harrow the Parisian Rouge bloom on her cheek with you scrubbing brush, moustaches, reduce the circumference of her health corset with your manly arm, and your hypnotism is complete. Right there the last faint adumbration of responsibility ends and complete mental aberration begins. The "operator" may break the spell by marrying you in which case you will return by easy stages to the normal and again become a sane man and useful member of society—but if she lets you down with the "sister" racket, your nervous system is pretty apt to sour.



THE SELF-CARE CLASS

The Self-care Class, organized by Dr. B. K. Hayes, formerly a Captain in the Medical Corps at this hospital, held its first meeting in the patients' mess hall in the main camp a few evenings ago.

Dr. Hayes opened the meeting by stating the purposes of the formation of the class to be as follows:

1. To study physiology and anatomy of the lungs.
2. To study causes of various forms of pulmonary diseases, and modern methods for prevention and cure.
3. To disseminate, as much as possible, the knowledge gained thereby.
4. To gather information pertaining to Vocational Training, War Risk Insurance, compensation, etc., have certain men specialize on each subject and be in position to furnish any information requested by patients in this hospital.

At the conclusion of his talk, all present a total of about sixty-five, were enrolled, representing practically every ward in the hospital.

Mondays and Wednesdays were selected as regular meeting days, meetings to be held at 6:30 P. M. in the patients' mess hall. Members are also expected to attend the lectures to be given by Dr. Hayes at the Red Cross on Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock.

After a thorough course is given, it is planned to have certain members who are qualified to do so give talks at the meetings and in the wards. It is not the intention however, to try and tell others how much they need to stay in the hospital, etc., but to teach them just what the disease is—how it gets into one's system, how it develops and spreads, and leave to a man's own judgment the necessity of remaining.

Dr. Hayes believes that on leaving the hospital a patient should not only be cured, but should know a how to take care of himself and stay well. He should be equipped to aid in the great fight being waged by the Red Cross and by anti-tuberculosis associations throughout the world against this insidious and destructive disease.

Of the 798 girls who we have met since we entered the service, 596 have said, "You can't fool me—you're married"; 123 have asked, "Haven't you a steady back home?" 69 sported engagement rings; and the other one cared about as much for us as we did for her.

YOUTHS WILL RELIEVE US. WHEN?
WE DON'T KNOW

Universal military training for all youths of nineteen years of age, and the maintenance of a standing army of 510,000 men, which in the event of war would be expanded to 1,250,000 by the boys who had been through the three-months' compulsory training, are the features of the army reorganization bill, sent to Congress by Secretary of War Baker. The reserve strength would fill out the war army to its capacity of twenty infantry divisions and one cavalry division into which it is proposed to divide the regular army.

The nineteen-year-youths would be registered under a system of the national army which would include Hawaii and Porto Rico.

Exemption from the three-months compulsory training would be given only to members of the regular army, and navy, honorably discharged soldiers and sailors actually employed in sea service and persons permanently physically, mentally or morally unfit for military service whatever.

THE DRAB SHIMMY

I came from Plattsburg, Missouri, where knitting on Sunday makes people talk.

There are no saloons back there, in fact no places of amusement except churches, if you can call them that without sacrilege.

Now and then certain men in our town disappeared for two or three days and would come back from Kansas City rather haggard looking.

The most exciting book I ever read before I was sixteen was Buyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

I have been reading a great deal about the dance called the shimmy. And from reports I thought it quite dreadful.

But against my will I was led by a fellow O'eenite into one of these private rose and gilt haunts of midnight revels in Gasheville and saw a dancer shimmy while she smoked a cigarette.

It did not shock me at all. For years in Plattsburg I lived next door to Aunt Libby Weaver. She always sat on the front porch and she had palsy and smoked a pipe.

K. M. A.

"K P"

MESS
SERGEANTS
FAMILIAR VOICE



"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"

R. L. -
RIVERA
1919

MORE
SPUDS

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

(Now Bruno is all set up in business. He is advertising manager of the Blow-out Auto Tire Company and believe us, readers, it's some job. He is a regular executive now and takes two hours off for lunch and gets in about the time the second mail arrives. So far he hasn't written any advertisements but he has learned a lot of fancy advertising talk and has a stringy black tie and looks the part. Also he is learning to play golf. So his success seems assured. But don't be too certain. Here come his first show-down. He's got to write an advertisement. Get your fingers crossed up tight and follow on.)

CHAPTER XXXIX

"Bruno," said the Honorable Hector Puffer, coming into Bruno's office one day after Bruno had been advertising manager for a week, "I want you to write a page advertisement for the Post announcing our new cord tires. Put lots of snap and ginger into it and have it ready for me by 3 o'clock.

Gee, that was a knockout. Leon, the former advertising manager, who had given Bruno all his dope, had gone away on a vacation and Bruno didn't have the nerve to ask the snappy-looking stenographer. So after the Honorable Hector had gone snorting away, Bruno paced up and down the floor for about an hour wondering how he was ever going to write a page ad about anything, much less cord tires.

You see, Bruno didn't know a cord tire from an Australian wombat, and his vocabulary was about as rich as a newspaper reporter about an hour before pay time.

By noon, however, he got desperate, and sitting down, wrote as follows:

"You should get one of them. They are grand, slick tires, these here cord tires. They go like anything and last, man, man, how them cord tires last. Be sure and hurry to the store and get one of them today. They will please everybody in the family. Honest, they are good tires. A man got one once and it lasted quite a long time. They are quite a lot here at the factory which we would like to get rid of. So if you will

please buy one of them you will be doing a great favor to

THE BLOW-OUT AUTO TIRE COMPANY

He read this over several times and it sounded pretty good to him. Then he remembered that Leon had said something about illustration. Bruno knew that you got to have a picture with all regular advertisements, but he hadn't any idea how you got hold of them. So he wrote on one corner of the paper; "We should get a picture of the tire with a big fat man pointing at one of them and saying, 'It's good enough for me.'"

Then, utterly exhausted, Bruno put on his hat and went out to lunch. "Sometimes," thought Bruno to himself, "I am sorry that I ever learned to write advertisements. It is certainly a tough life."



However, he felt better after he had eaten and when he came back he went right into the Honorable Hector Puffer's office with the advertisement and handed his masterpiece to the president.

The Honorable Hector read the ad several times. Then he said:

"I don't know much about advertising. It isn't in my line. But it strikes me that this ad of yours sort of lacks punch. It ain't got enough pep and ginger and punch; otherwise it ain't a good ad. Couldn't you put in a picture of the factory? We had an artist make one, and according to his pic-

ture our factory must extend 10 miles. It's got smoke coming out of the chimneys, too."

"I'll see," said Bruno, taking away the ad.

He worked over it for another hour and then brought it back. Here is what he had added:

"If you won't buy one of these tires right now you might as well get yourself a gun and go shoot yourself. You are a low-down ignoramus if you don't know how good these tires are."

"That's better," said the Honorable Hector, rubbing his hands happily. "That's got a lot of punch back of it. Where did you get that word ignoramus?"

"It's what my sergeant in the Army used to call me," said Bruno.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the president. "That's shows you what Army training will do for a man. I always said it should prove an invaluable experience for any young fellow who wanted to get on in the world. Here's proof of it. Put on your hat, Bruno. You must be exhausted after all the fatiguing brainwork you have done. You and I will go out to the golf links and get some refreshing exercise."

So off they went, Bruno feeling very well satisfied with himself and the world in general. It was a cinch that in a very short time indeed, people would be pointing him out on the streets and saying: "See that important looking bird? That's Ad Man Bruno, the chap that writes all them clever ads with the fine pictures of factories in them. He makes more money in a month than the President does in a year."

All the way out to the golf links Bruno sat back in the Honorable Hector's car looking haughtily out at lowly pedestrians, as much as to say: "Why do all these common people clutter up our imperial progress?"

But, as we hinted at the outset of this chapter, when a bird gets all stuffy and proud like this, that is usually the time for Old Man Fate to come busting around the corner with one of his famous knockout drops, and while Bruno was inoculated for most everything when he was in the Army, the docs haven't yet found anything to shoot into a man's arm that will save him from Fate. We'll see what happened next week.

(To be continued.)



DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Our independent wire to Washington brings us the news of Woodrow's improvement.

★ ★

Thanks to the Chicago Tribune for their yearly subscription. We need the money.

★ ★

Miss Sara Cooper is awaiting her discharge.

★ ★

X-Editor Heyman writes he's selling flour for a living. Gad, if he's as good a salesman in civie circles as he was in the Oteen army—we'll say he'll eat anchovies for breakfast.

★ ★

Paddy Donovan was seen with a beautiful recontruction aide on Tuesday eve. last on Patton Avenue.

★ ★

Capt. Whitledge is seen Fording daily between this village and Biltmore.

★ ★

Lt. Prees is doing good work on Ward I-5.

★ ★

Joe Barnish, the heavy weight milk thrower from Greenfield, Mass has turned lightweight and is now working with the Red Cross contingent.

★ ★

Bob Jarrell, of the Detachment is doing nothing at Kenilworth.

★ ★

Young Kokler of Registrar frame has received his discharge. He leaves for his home in the Menninite Sector of Pa. early in the week.

★ ★

Miss Barwick ice-creamed at the Hostess House last Sunday evening.

THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT

IMA BUCK—The only man in the Army who cannot be reduced in rank.

A SERGEANT—A hard-boiled guy possessing a wonderful ability to bawl someone out.

HEZA MEDIC—A genius at welding a sharp-pointed instrument that penetrates the soldier's arm between the elbow and shoulder to the depth of from six to twelve inches.

TOP KICK—The Czar of the Roost. Relentless in refusing passes and substituting K. P.

CAP TEN—He whose word is beyond question.

A. SHAVE TAIL—An officer who demands the highest discipline. If two officers pass you, one a General and the other a shave-tail, take a chance of not saluting the General in order to properly greet the "looey". You might save yourself a bawl-out by such actions and take but a small chance of incurring the General's displeasure.

THE COLONEL—The holiest of holies.

NOT HIS PARTY

Sam was a corporal, over six feet tall, and so black that he blended perfectly with the French midnight. During daylight Sam was the bravest of the brave. No German could come too big for him.

But when the shadows began to lengthen an unholy horror crept into the vitals of the giant negro. So others in his company, knowing his fear of German ghosts, decided to break him of it by organizing a fake raiding party whose real purpose was forage out beyond the wire.

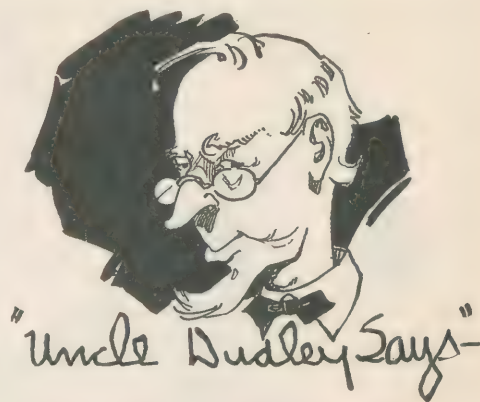
"Sam," said one of his pals, "wes gonna sneak out in No Man's Land tonight and we's gonna feel around and git our hands in de pockets o' dem dead Buches and git deir money.

Lissen heah! shouted Sam, backing away. Lissen heah man! Yo' all sho' ain' talkin' to me. I ain' goin' nowhere.

C'mon, boy, thay'll be ten of us.

No, suh! Yo' is wrong! Dey might be nine o' of you, but dey won't be ten of us!

Are you the captain of your soul?
Sort of a second lieutenant, ventured Mr. Henpeck dubiously.



Yer Ole Unckle hez got th' follerin' letter frum one o' hiz nevvies:

Deer Unckle Dudley:

Pop was smoaking and thiinking after suppir, and ma was darnin' holes out of stocking, and I was thinking about my homework, and ma sed to pop, Willyum, did you see anything in the paper about the new comet, they say theres a new comet going to appear in the sky pritty soon.

I'm not serprized, sed pop, in these days of strikes and wars and revilootions and high cost of breathing, nothing can serprize me eny more.

O Willyum, how abserd, wats a comet got to do with all that? sed ma. And I thawt, I bet I could serprize him if I wanted to, I bet.

And I started to try to think up sumthing to say to serprize him, and after a wile I sed, Hay pop, wat do you think?

Hay yourself, wat do you think? sed pop.

Do you know that new razor you brawt home the other day? I sed.

I know it well, its giving me the ferst decent shaves I've had since before the war, sed pop.

Its broak in half, I sed.

Its wat? sed pop looking serprized as anything and also mad as everything.

Its broak in half, are yau serprized? I sed.

Come over heer, sed pop.

No it aint, pop. I ject made that up to see if I could serprize you, you sed nuthing couldent serprize you eny more, I sed.

Come over here, sed pop.

Wich I did, and pop quick took off one slipper and gave me a krack some place with it, saying, Are you serprized?

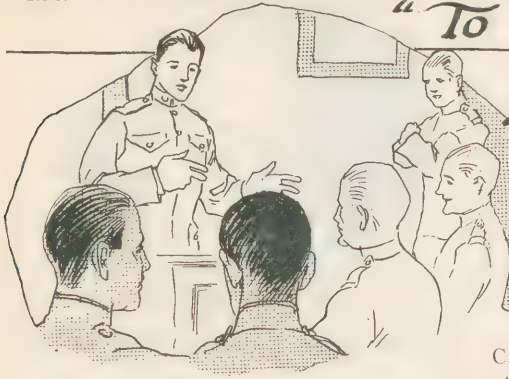
Yes sir, I sed.

Wich I was.

Hopin you are the saim;

Hennery.

"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

CAPT. DAVID TOWNSEND, M. C., *Chief of Reconstruction*
ANNA M. BARRINGER, *Supervisor of Aides*

Among the Aides are many craft makers, who are busy now designing Christmas cards and other gifts for the joyous season that is not so very far away. You can buy these lovely articles at the Christmas sale in the near future. Or you can learn to make them in art and crafts classes, which will be formed if there is a demand. There is a chance to take up French, and Spanish with real modern language teachers. In fact we have right here many advantages with none of the disadvantages of city life. There is no reason why Oteen with its lovely environs should not be the most popular post in the country.

★ ★

Miss Herrlich is taking pupils on the wards. If you are interested in either French or Spanish give your name to the Aide on your ward and arrangements can be made for you.

The Physio Therapy Department has been increased by the addition of two more Aides, Miss Ellen C. Taft from U. S. General Hospital No. 1, New York and Miss Margaret F. Carroll from Colonia, New Jersey.

★ ★

The following Occupational Therapists have recently reported for duty at this post: Miss Ethel M. Stewart and Miss Suzanne Herrlich from Colonia, Miss Helen Buckmaster and Miss Angela Lovett from U. S. General Hosp. No. 1, New York, Miss Bissailon from Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.

★ ★

Captain Sanborn from Walter Reed has been transferred to Oteen as head of the Reconstruction Department. Since the departure of Lieutenant Layton, Captain Townsend, for many months the friend of reconstruction service, has been its acting head.

Miss Bissailon offers evening classes for nurses, aides, staff or officer patients. For admission to any of the classes, come to Room 14, Reconstruction Building.

★ ★

A Spanish class is being started on Ward I-5. You can enter the class by coming any afternoon at three-thirty.

★ ★

Field Clerk Show on E-3 is making a pair of book ends and paper cutters of excellent workmanship.

★ ★

The arrival of Miss Herrlich and Miss Bissailon means the addition of classes in modern languages in the Reconstruction Department. Miss Herrlich is already conducting classes in French, and Spanish. Her schedule is as follows: 9:00 to 10:00 A. M. Advanced French. 10:00 to 11:00 A. M. Beginners French.



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY BEATRICE BAREBACK

Dear Miss Bareback:—

My mind is often confused. How can I clear my brain? Bob of Exchange Fame.
'S. O. L.—Have you tried a vaccum cleaner?

★ ★

Dear Friend:—

I am called pretty by many of the boys around the Post. But I grow so tired of them, and how can I make them angry?

Mayme.

Mayme.

Send each one of your admirers a picture of yourself as you arise in the morning. You'll lose every one of them.

★ ★

Dearie:—

I am an old maid working in the Reconstruction. They're going to bounce us soon—and I am anxious to get married to one of these young bucks about the post. How can we do it on \$15.00 a week? Old Timer.
Old Timer:

You're taking the wrong view of life. Old maids are lucky because they are not married. Why tie yourself down to some tramp just because so many of our friends around the post are making the fatal mistake?

★ ★

Dear Beatrice:—

What should I do?—I have a constant itch at the fourth rib. Can it be love?

Sgt. Loewy.

Sarge:

Naw, it's probably a flea—and common bug powder will rid you of your affliction.

★ ★

I have several children, and I am in doubts as to what politics I shall make them adhere to. Do you think French Rolls should be served with Swiss Cheese?

Radford.

Your children will decide on the politics they wish to adhere to when they get old enough to see what an ass their father is. French 'rolls can be served with Swiss cheese without international scraps.

★ ★

Beatrice:—

I am sending you a picture of my best girl. Won't you please see the editor of the Oteen and have it reproduced on the cover?

Ire Foolish.

Ha, ha, the editor took one squint at your girl's face, and said it would make a perfectly delightful subject for circus billboards. He knows one of the advertising fellows on it, and will talk to him.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED

Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T *THE* BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE

Cafeteria Hours

MORNING	7:45-9:00
NOON	12:00-1:00
EVENING	4:00-9:30

Altho the Cafeteria is open from four until nine-thirty, supper is served only from five-thirty to six-thirty. During the remainder of the evening, Sandwiches, Pie, Cake, and Ice Cream will be served.

EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

36 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.

D I S T R I B U T O R S

WILL HE RECOVER!!

At Oteen a soldier boy
Looks darkly at the world;
His heart is sore from cupid's darts,
His head is in a whirl.

Oh, heartless girl! Oh fair, false maid!
How could you treat him so?
How could you teach him how to love?
Then wed your other beau?

Those wedding bells, those wedding bells,
They jangle out of tune.
He swears he'll end it all, while
She is on her honeymoon.

"I'll send a bullet through my brain,"
His pals all hear him cry,
"Or shall I turn on all the gas,
An easy death to die."

As all night long, his shrieks and groans
Re-echo through the ward,
The nurses shake their heads and say,
"Poor kid, he takes it hard!"

Cheer up, dear lad, all is not lost!
This world is full of girls.
The brunette kind, with eyes of brown,
And blondes with sunny curls.

There's Ruth and Grace and Marguerite,
There's Helen and there's Essie,
And if you like them more sedate,
There's that grass widow, Bessie.

Buck up, dear lad, and smile again,
Throw out that poison cup;
To love a different girl each night
Is bound to cheer you up.

For in the game of love 'tis best
To be a jolly rover;
Then wed a girl with lots of dough,
And end your days in clover.

THOROUGHLY CAPTURED

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures sent to the chief of police of a provincial town where it was thought likely the fugitive was hiding. After the lapse of a few days the following reply reached headquarters.

Sir: I duly received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired; I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly.

ONLY THE WRECK OF A MAN

I know that I'm only the wreck of a man—
 Just a poor ice cream soda addict:
 I went to the bad when merely a lad
 With the first five-cent cone that I licked.
 I secretly guzzled fruit juices,
 I looked on soft drink as a friend
 Till the Devil said one day, "Why not try a
 sundae?"
 And that was the start of the end.

A curse on the fountain that's ruined my life
 With its lights and its laughter so gay!
 I thought at the start that to go there was
 smart
 And see what I am today,
 My moher said, "Willy, lay off the vanilly"
 But I like a fool, wouldn't heed;
 I guess now I'm really too far gone for
 Keeley—
 God! What a life to lead!

Kind friends bade me stay ere too late, but
 I'd say,
 "I can take it or leave it alone."
 And I'd add carelessly, "It will never get
 me"—
 My God! if I had only known!
 My mother put stuff in my coffee
 And prayed that my thirst would depart;
 Not once did I dream that my hellish ice
 cream
 Would some day break the old lady's heart.

A curse on the fountain that's ruined my
 life
 With its lights and laughter so gay!
 But the lure of it found me and wound it-
 self round me
 And now I can't leave it alone.
 'Twill little avail to confine me in jail
 For I start in the minute I'm freed
 And my poor nerves have taught me that
 Huyler's has got me—
 God! what a life to lead!

GOOD-NIGHT, SHIRT!

He slept in leggins, blouse and pants
 When soldiering in sunny France.
 But now (men's ways are strange and deep)
 In pink pajamas he must sleep.

An automobile drew up at the farm-house.
 The driver called to a boy near the gate:
 Say, son, is your father at home?
 Oh, yes; he's down at the pigpen. You
 can tell father; he wears a hat.

Young women should set good examples
 —for young men will follow them.

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

USES

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

Superior Milk ProductsCAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

KID GLOVES
FOR MEN OR WOMEN

MEYER'S GLOVES

CENTEMERI GLOVES

DENT'S GLOVES

*And Many Other Standard Makes**Bon Marche*

The Corona Typewriter For Fifty Dollars

It's little and light—not as imposing in appearance as the big fellows—but it does the work of the big fellows, and not a whit less perfect. It's very light, very small and compact, may be carried in a grip or suitcase anywhere and available at all times for heavy work. See one in our big book and stationery store today.

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



Pure Meat Foods

THE FAMOUS "FERNDELL" PRODUCTS

EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES, VEGETABLES AND
FRUITS THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS

Our Motto: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING TO EAT IN A CLEAN STORE

EDWIN C. JARRETT

12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Member Army and Navy Stores

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

Designers and Manufacturers.

Watch Repairing a Specialty.

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT PLEASE
ARE MADE BY

Higgason

Member Army and Navy Association

60 PATTON AVENUE

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

TELEPHONE 1616

MANUFACTURE SUNSHINE

When days are dark and gloomy,
And things seem all askew,
Just manufacture sunshine;
Just think of skies all blue.

Just think of all things cheerful,
And hunt up things to laugh about,
And sing a happy song,
To help the days along.

Make those about you cheerful
With merry words and smile,
The clouds can't last forever,
Forget them for a while.

So manufacture sunshine,
And defy the gloomy day;
And almost before you know it,
The clouds will pass away.

It is faith in his dreams that keeps a man
Face front to the odds about him,
And he shall conquer who thinks he can,
In spite of the throngs who doubt him.

WHY HE WASN'T PROMOTED

1. He grumbled.
2. He was stung by a bad look.
3. He was always behind time.
4. He had no iron in his blood.
5. He was willing but unfitted.
6. He didn't believe in himself.
7. His stock excuse was, I forgot.
8. He wasn't ready for the next step.
9. He did not put his heart into his work.
10. He learned nothing from his mistakes.
11. He felt that he was above his position.

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Do you think it exactly wise, Brother Johnson, to permit that child to run about bareheaded in the rain? solicitously asked the presiding Elder. He may catch cold.

No danger, replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, N. C. The little cuss has got one now.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt tells this story on herself.

She was doing canteen work in France during the recent misunderstanding in that vicinity, and devoted considerable time to entertaining American soldiers in one of the hostess houses. Being a capable dancer and attractive, she was in much demand among the boys. One evening she danced several times with a tall, tow-haired doughboy, who showed symptoms of great loneliness and talked volubly about things back in Michigan.

When the evening ended, the tow-headed one came over to Mrs. Vanderbilt

I've had a bully time, he said, and I want to keep track of you. We're moving out of here to-morrow for the front. But if we get back, I'd like to look you up over in the States. My name is Albert Bridgeman, from Grand Rapids, What's yours?

I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, she replied.

The doughboy scanned her from head to foot.

That's right, chicken, he said, fly high!



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THANKS TO THE MEDICAL DEPT.

In a recent speech in the Senate on the war, Senator Kirby, Ark., reviewed the activities of the army medical department. "This is our first war that shows a lower death rate from disease than from battle," the Senator said. "The total number of lives lost in both army and navy from the declaration of war to May 1, 1919, is 122,500. Deaths in the army, including marines attached to it, were 112,432. Almost half the losses were from disease, and if comparison be limited to the expeditionary forces, battle losses were more than twice as large as deaths from diseases.

"Since the Mexican war," continued the Senator, "a steady improvement has been made in the health of troops in war. The death rate in our late war for the total forces under arms, both in the United States and France, were 13 for battle and 15 for disease. The low disease death rate is attributable chiefly to the service of a highly trained medical personnel, compulsory vaccination of the army against typhoid fever, camp sanitation and control of drinking water and adequate provision of hospital facilities."

Beg pardon, said the Sergeant, but what is your name?

Name! echoed the private, who had just scrawled his cognomen on line 13 of the pay-roll; Don't you see my name on that blank?

Yes, answered the Sergeant, That's what aroused my curiosity.

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I've got a Sam Brown belt,
 A beding roll, and everything.
 I've got a pair of boots,
 That win salutes, and everything.
 I've got a pair of golden bars,
 That shine just like the stars,
 Blooie, blooie, I'm a second Louie,
 I rank a corporal, and everything.
 I've got some nice new spurs,
 Some Croix de Guerres, and everything.
 I've got a wristlet watch,
 That never stops, and everything.
 And when we get back to New York,
 We'll separate the bottle from the cork,
 With our Sam Brown belt, my bedding roll,
 And—everything.

An exceptionally strong cast surrounds Vivian Martin, the dainty star, in her latest Paramount-Artcraft picture, "The Third Kiss," which comes to the Strand Theatre on Monday next. Harrison Ford is the handsome leading man who wins the heroine's hand after the fateful "third kiss." Thomas D. Persse, well known as a grand opera singer of considerable merit, has an important supporting role. Jane Keckly and Edna Mae Cooper, who will be remembered for their excellent work in C. B. DeMille's Artcraft special production, "Old Wives for new," are cast in character roles admirably suited to their talents.

"The Third Kiss," which is adapted from a short story written by Heliodore Tenno, is said to be Miss Martin's greatest starring vehicle.

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 BUT HE KNOWS A SHOE OUGHT TO HAVE MORE
 THAN ONE SOLE FOR ECONOMY SAKE. WE CALL
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IN BACK OF POSTOFFICE



Now that cold nights are coming what will be more attractive than to make yourself at home before the blazing logs at the Hostess House come crack jokes and nuts, pop corn or toast marshmallows to your hearts content. This past week one cold night gave us a chance to see how nice its going to be. There is always "music in the air," good music too.

On Tuesday night a merry bunch of Nurses and Aides made the rafters ring as they played "Going to Jerusalem, the laughing game," "You have a Face," and other stunts.

★ ★

When is your wife, mother or sweetheart coming? Let the Hostess House know.

★ ★

Hostess House number 2 opened its doors last Wednesday, when a large crowd enjoyed a movie, a party of forty coming from Asheville to enjoy the evening and to serve refreshments for the boys.

FILM DISPROVES ADAGE

We used to be told that it is youth's fond, first kiss that tells the tale, but in "The Third Kiss," the new picture in which Vivian Martin, the dainty Paramount star, is appearing at the Strand Theatre next week, the first two didn't count, and it was only when the third was safely negotiated that happiness came to the man and the maid. Miss Martin's latest photoplay is one of the best and most delightful of her screen career. The support, headed by Harrison Ford, is excellent.

In a crowded omnibus a stout woman vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned.

After she had been working in vain for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right said: "Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined with acerbity and recommenced her attacks on the pocket.

After these had continued for a little time her fellow passenger spoke up again: "You really must let me pay your fare. You have already undone my braces three times, and I cannot stand it any longer.

FATE and the Fighting MAN

The most benign fate that the fighting man could ask is his without the asking: the opportunity to forge wealth with those worthy tools, his brain and his brawn.

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HIS DETAIL

In retrospect the picturesque manure pile ornamenting the front of practically every house in the little town of the Haute Marne is not unattractive. But at the time it had its drawbacks. Though the little settlements were for people, there is no doubt that the flies had all the best of it. They buzzed and swarmed. And they were not stupid flies—most of them learned the bugle calls promptly, especially mess call.

Now the soldier is a generous soul, but there are limits. For ten minutes one Yank had been waving one hand over his mess-kit lid and raising the alleged rice pudding to his mouth with the other. Then he rose with an air of finality, walked up to the mess sergeant, and said:

Sarge, I ain't no kicker. I'm willing to do my share. But I want to know here and now just how many of these here flies are rationed with me.

ANOTHER SUBSTITUTE

Another substitute—Binks—The undercrust to that chicken pie you brought me was abominably tough.

Waiter—There wasn't any undercrust to that pie, sir; it was served on a paper plate, and you've eaten it.

Among the memorable dates in history, wrote a boy, was Antony's date with Cleopatra.

WHEN DE BLUEBIRDS COME

(To the U. S. A. R. A.)

Summer am ah-comin'!

Spring's mos' done;

Soldier boys am sunnin'

By de awin';

Oh, dey allus says it's summer

When de bluebirds come,

An' ah seed a flyin' bluebird

Dis yere mawin'!

Blue head a-noddin'

Nebbeh, nebbah still;

Blue wings ah-flutt'rin'

An' ah-fawinin';

Oh, de soldier boys was watchin'

An' fergettin' dey was ill,

When dey seed dat flyin' bluebird

Dis yere mawin'!

—Capt. Hughes Mearns.

HE LEFT HER

Miss Fortyodd awoke in the middle of the night to find a burglar ransacking her effects. Miss Fortyodd did not scream, for she prided herself, among other things, upon her courage. Pointing to the door with a dramatic gesture, she exclaimed:

Leave me at once!

The burglar politely retreated a step and said:

I had no intention of taking you!

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Would he dare do it again? Twice he had kissed her, and had warned her that the third time—yes, his impudent threat was quite in keeping with the exasperating husband he was.

They were married, of course—in name—to save another's honor; but there are husbands and husbands, and—well, don't dare to miss this queerest, funniest, most exciting tangle you ever saw.

And that third kiss!—!!!—??!!

By Heliodore Tenno

Scenario by Edith Kennedy

Directed by Robert G. Vignola

STRAND

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